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WAYSIDE FLOWERS

A COLLECTION OF SHORT POEMS

BY

S. C.

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WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

A COLLECTION OF SHORT POEMS.

BY S. C.

PHILADELPHIA:
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TO

THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER,

WHO HAS BEEN SIX YEARS IN HEAVEN,

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

S. C.

BEAVER FALLS, PA., 1880.

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AT EVENTIDE.

VISIONS are before me flitting,
As at eventide I'm sitting,
In the gathering shades and stillness,
Sitting, musing all alone,
On the past that's vanished ever;
On its treasures, lost forever;
And the days of grief and gladness
Which so early I have known.

Often have my feet grown weary
Of a way so rough and dreary;
For the path of life hath led me
Through the depths of sorrow's vale;
While the darkness thickened o'er me,
Till I scarce could see before me,
In the distance dim, that Beacon
Whose bright light can never fail.

When again the sun would brighten,
And its radiant beams would lighten

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With their splendor, that lone valley
Which so dismal seemed before;
Then my soul, with rapture glowing,
Drank the crystal waters flowing
From a pure, a living Fountain,
Where we drink, and thirst no more.

O the joys and sorrows ended,
O the light and darkness blended
In the shadows and the sunlight
That have fallen on my way!
Shades and earth-mist still so near me,
Yet the sun above to cheer me,
In Life's sure and strange succession
Of alternate night and day!

Thus I journey forward ever;
And I hope for resting never
Till the prize which I am seeking,
I at last rejoicing hold:
Onward, upward climbing slowly,
Till I reach God's City holy,
And at length, with feet unwearied,
Tread its streets of burnished gold.

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YEARS GONE BY.

ENTHRALLED by some mysterious power,
And blind to blessings ever nigh,
Too lightly do we prize to-day,
And from the present turn away,
To live in some long-vanished hour;
As if our feet must always stray
In beaten paths of years gone by.

When, one by one, earth's joys depart,
We gaze with wondering, tearful eye;
Then, with each treasure, in the grave
Hide all the pleasure that it gave;
The parting pang clasp to our heart,
The only relic that we save,—
A mournful thought of years gone by.

And thus we cherish but the woe
We feel to see our dear ones die;
Nor ever seem to sacred hold
The happy scenes of days of old,

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The brighter side of long ago,
The boundless joy, the bliss untold,
That friendship brought in years gone by.

If in yon churchyard, still and lone,
In dust the love of youth must lie,
There too should disappointment sleep,
Nor buried sorrow cause to weep:
The power to love is still our own,
For love is ours, and ours to keep,
From all the wreck of years gone by.

Our lives of Life's best good we cheat;
We choose to mourn, and this is why
We seek so oft the lonely tomb,
And linger there, while roses bloom
Along the pathway near our feet;—
Fair flowers that yield as sweet perfume
As buds that bloomed in years gone by.

Ne'er haunted by a memory sad,
The heart can sing instead of sigh,
That low entombs through changing years
The burden of its moans and tears,—
Holds all of life that makes life glad,
While not a shade of gloom appears
To dim the light of years gone by.

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THE ANGEL OF HOME.

OFTEN we our eyes are raising,
Heavenward intently gazing,
In the idle hope that we
May the spirit forms discover,
Which around our pathway hover;
May our heavenly guardian see.

While, to meet our earnest longing,
Never Angel-band comes thronging
Up before our raptured sight;
Veiled our vision is from seeing
The celestial, saintly being
Ever near us, day and night.

Round her brow no halo, beaming,
Marks her with a heavenly seeming,
To our strangely earth-bound eyes;
As she, bent on mission holy,
'Mid the suffering, poor and lowly,
Moves, an Angel in disguise.

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Yes, she is an Angel, keeping
Vigils lone when we are sleeping;
Guarding with such tender care,
Through the night-hours, long and dreary,
Souls that she is never weary
Of remembering in prayer.

And her glance our path is scanning,
While her busy brain is planning,
As she sees the gathering haze,
How with softest spell to charm us
From some hidden snare to harm us,
In Life's dangerous, mystic maze.

Could the bright-winged host above us
With more pure devotion love us,
With more care our footsteps guide?
Shall our eyes be closed forever,
Shall our hearts be opened never,
To the Seraph by our side?

When earth's lights are dimmed and faded;
When we walk with brow unshaded
'Neath the blue of Heaven's high dome,
We shall see that earth-mist clouded—
All the spirit-beauty shrouded
Of the Angel in our home.

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WHAT IS DEATH?

SAY, what is Death? The soul would fain,
  Ere it the solemn pass would try,
Know what of pleasure, or of pain,
  Is treasured in the words, to die.

O what is Death? Is it to ford
  A stream we tremblingly draw nigh,
To stand in presence of the Lord,—
  Can this be what it is to die?

O what is Death? Do Angel-hands
  The fetters of the soul untie,
And loose the captive from its bands,
  And set it free: is this to die?

O what is Death? Do fingers soft
  The heart's beat still, and close the eye,
While the immortal mounts aloft
  To purer life: is this to die?

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If it should be our loved ones come
From mansions far beyond the sky,
To bear us to that better home,
Ah, then it must be sweet to die!

But hush, my spirit! calm await
The certain summons from on high;
And, passing through Death's open gate,
Know surely all it means to die.

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"IF WE FAINT NOT."

If some golden dream, by Fancy cherished,
From our vision swiftly fades away;
If Hope's buds, in blossoming, have perished,
Withered in the warmth of Spring's bright day,—

Must we sit with folded hands, repining,
Like a mourner by the lonely tomb,
With the noonday sun above us shining,
While the earth is clad in Summer bloom?

If some cup of sweetest joy, untasted,
From our lips is dashed in early years,
Must the precious boon of life be wasted
In complaints and unavailing tears?

Ah! our work, all wisely planned and meted,
Lies before us, scarcely yet begun;
And we know it must be well completed
Ere the solemn setting of the sun.

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Faint of heart are they who sink despairing
When first wounded in the bitter strife;
Nobler far are they who, bravely daring,
Face, unflinching, all the ills of life.

Every heart has many a care and burden;
And the cross would crush the spirit down,
Could Faith's eye behold no promised guerdon;
Did we not "hold fast" to win the crown.

Then still strive, although the path seem dreary;
Onward press, nor wait to idly weep:
They who sow in tears, nor faint, nor weary,
In due season rich reward shall reap.

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DEPARTED FRIENDS.

Oh, how I miss, from day to day,
Companions who have passed away!
My heart in earnest, mournful tones
Calls for the dear departed ones.

Some were the friends of early years,
Who shared my childish hopes and fears,—
My school-day friends, loved well and long,—
Gone hence to join the spirit throng.

And some I only lately met;
The parting followed soon; and yet
Their memory evermore to me
A pleasing, broken dream shall be.

Mother, perchance thy home is far
Beyond each distant, shining star:
We oft look up with longing eyes,
But catch no glimpse of Paradise.

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And yet 'tis sweet to think that thou
Art sometimes with us even now;
Who knows? thy spirit oft may come
And linger near our earthly home.

My friends in Heaven! I know that ye
Are lost to some: not so to me;
The mortal rests beneath the sod;
While the immortal dwells with God.

To me ye never seem so dead
As they in worldly paths who tread,
Nor seek, nor ever hope to live
The life that Jesus died to give.

Yes, they are dead, who live in sin,
And fail eternal life to win;—
Dead now, and soon, alas! shall know
The "Second Death" in all its woe.

Then, sorrowing heart, lament no more
The absent, who have gone before,
Who wait to welcome us to Heaven,
Where bonds of love are never riven.

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IN MEMORIAM.

ANGEL guards a watch are keeping
O'er the clay that now is sleeping
In the lone and quiet city,
Ever sacred to the dead;
Where, with stricken hearts we laid thee,
After loving hands arrayed thee
For the long unbroken slumber
In the tomb,—that peaceful bed.

Oft to thee our thoughts will wander,
As in solitude we ponder
On the friends so fondly cherished,
Who, like thee, have gone before;
Then the curtain rises slowly,
And reveals those mansions holy
In the land beyond the River
Where we meet to part no more.

In that home where dwell our sainted,
By the stain of sin untainted,

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Clad in robes of spotless beauty,
Mother, I can see thee now;
While the rays of glory streaming
From the Throne are on thee beaming,
Lending an unfading splendor
To the crown upon thy brow.

Were the mists of error scattered,
All our idols' temples shattered,
What a host of Saints, of Angels,
Our astonished eyes might view,
Sent on mercy's ministrations
From celestial habitations;
Watching o'er us, caring for us,
Doubtless praying for us too!

Mother, Heaven still draws nearer,
And the loved ones there grow dearer,
Nearer, dearer to the pilgrim
Who, with weary feet, to-day,
But with faith and hope unshaken,
Treads the rugged path forsaken
By the wise who journey thither
In a broader, smoother way.

There's a sweet, a solemn gladness
Strangely blended with the sadness,

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When the wounded, sorrowing spirit,
Thus bereft and all alone,
Turns at last from earth to Heaven,
Where no ties are ever riven;
Where the bitter pain of parting,
Never, never shall be known.

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MY INHERITANCE.

I HAVE no treasures on the earth;
No heritage below I claim;
In humble life, of humble birth,
I cannot even boast a name.

Unlearned in science and in art;
Amongst the wordly-wise unknown;
Uneducated, save in heart,
And taught in Heaven's lore alone:—

In an obscure and quiet way,
Unnoticed only by a few,
I live and labor day by day,
In lowly paths my work to do.

And yet I here no want shall know;
No lack of good shall ever see;
Whate'er I need the while below,
Already is secured to me.

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The gracious Father's willing hand,
For all His children spreads a board;
The best provision in the land,
His bounteous table doth afford.

He also clothes them at his cost,
And shelters them from storm and rain;
Keeps constant watch that none be lost;
From wanderings brings them home again.

Possessions vast are mine above;
I have indeed a precious claim
To wealth in God's eternal love,
And in the Book of Life a name.

A king my Elder Brother is,
And mighty nations own His sway;
Dominions, thrones, and powers are His,
And countless worlds His laws obey.

And in His glory I shall share—
O wondrous thought, yet fixed and sure!—
Joint heir with Him, the Father's Heir
To crowns and kingdoms that endure.

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With an inheritance like this,
  Beneath my feet the world I cast,
And forward press to reach the bliss
  That through eternity shall last.

My Father, God! Thou who dost give
  This goodly heritage to me,
Teach me each day of life to live
  So that I best may honor Thee.

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BEYOND.

BEYOND the broad curtain of blue,
Well hidden from curious eyes
That gladly its glory and beauty would view,
Our heavenly heritage lies.

Beyond the rich, star-jewelled dome,
Beneath which we wondering stand,
Is the City Celestial, the saint's final home,
In Canaan, the long-promised land.

Beyond where, in setting, Life's sun
Crowns with crimson the hills of the West,
When the journey is done, when the day's race is run,
Is the clime where the weary find rest.

Beyond the deep waters and wide,
That ever in Death's channel roll,
And onward so ceaselessly, silently glide,
Is the future abode of the soul.

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Beyond! and we wait, for the day
That a future so fair shall unfold,—
Till the veil that conceals it is taken away,
And the "land afar off" we behold.

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THE GOOD TEACHER.

AGES past there lived a Teacher,
In a distant, Eastern clime,
Who, unlike the modern preacher,
Wavered not, nor changed with time;
Lived a life so pure, so holy,
No reproach e'er stained His name;
Mingled with the poor and lowly,
Heedless both of praise and blame.

He the only path to Heaven,
Clearly showed to fallen man;
Told of peace, and sin forgiven;
Taught salvation's wondrous plan;
Plainly pointed out the errors
Which abounded in His day;
Painted Hell and all its terrors,
In a strangely fearless way.

Yet His words of kindness spoken,
Cheered and comforted the sad;

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Healed the heart by sorrow broken,
Made the mourning spirit glad:
O, a sweetly mystic power
Seemed to dwell in all He said,
Strange as in the solemn hour
When to life He called the dead!

Down the ages intervening
Comes each fitly-spoken word,
Fraught with all the depth of meaning
That it bore when men first heard:
Thus the holy, heavenly Preacher,
By these sacred truths sublime,
Shall be man's unerring Teacher
Even till the end of time.

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SALVATION NOW.

Not in the dying hour,
  Not in eternity,
From sin's degrading power
  Doth Christ His people free;
Not then He breaks the hateful chain,
And from the soul removes the stain.

Why 'neath the heavy yoke
  Of bondage longer bow?
He who the thraldom broke,
  Offers you freedom now;
And 'tis a glorious liberty
Wherewith the captive is made free.

Called, from the paths of vice;
  Chosen, to holiness;
Bought with a wondrous price,
  Pardoned and blest with peace;
Walking in ways that Jesus trod,
The heirs of grace, the sons of God.

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Praise unto Him, that He
  Hath this salvation given;
Made rebels, such as we,
  Inheritors of Heaven;
Praise that from sin He thus would save,
And give us life beyond the grave!

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ONLY A BEGGAR.

ONLY a beggar, so sick and so sore,
At the gate of the rich, but not at the door;
And he feels the glance of each scornful eye,
As the proud and forgetful still pass him by.
Only a beggar!
There in pain and want he must lie.

Only a beggar! No brother outpours
Even small store of ointment to cover his sores:
More kindness the dogs on the street may have shown
To the outcast, so helpless and friendless and lone;
Only a beggar,
And man can unmoved hear his piteous moan.

Only a beggar, just left at the gate,
For the crumbs that fall from the table to wait;
No nearer the door of the house he hath been,—
The threshold of plenty, and grandeur, and sin;
Only a beggar,
And what right hath he to be gazing in?

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Only a beggar in lowliness born;
The fragments are gathered and seasoned with scorn,
And fed to the cripple by poverty laid
At the gate in raiment all tattered arrayed;
Only a beggar!—
But beggars for taunts and jeers are made.

Only a beggar! 'Twas well that he died,
No more to be trod 'neath the foot of dull pride;
No more in such wretched and low estate,
Flung dole of crumbs that are left by the great;
Only a beggar,
No longer to sigh at the rich man's gate.

Only a beggar, when down from above
Came the beautiful Angels of Pity and Love,
And, leaving behind them the vile rags he wore,
To dwellings celestial the suffering one bore;
Only a beggar!
At the King's royal palace he enters the door.

Ah! never for charity there shall he plead,
For his is a heritage goodly indeed,
Where he sings the new song clad in garments of white:
Lo! afar hear a voice wailing out on the night,
"Only a beggar,
A splendor-crowned prince in the City of light!"

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Many a beggar, while treading earth's sod,
May have for a portion the kingdom of God;
And in his possession a title may hold
To mansions of glory, and treasures untold:
Only a beggar—
With durable riches, far better than gold!

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THE REST THAT REMAINETH.

In the land of the blest there remaineth a rest
For the pilgrim so weary to-day;
But the cross must be borne ere the crown can be worn:
We shall rest at the end of the way.

And oft thro' long years do we water with tears,
The path in our wanderings trod;
While without and within comes the conflict with sin,
Till we reach the fair City of God.

Once, by sickness distressed and by earth-care oppressed,
When my spirit was wounded and sore,
Came visions all strange, of Death's wonderful change,
And I thought of life's trials no more.

Each heart-throb was stilled, and my bosom was filled
With a holy, a heavenly peace;
While the soul clad in clay, from its fetters that day,
Seemed calmly awaiting release.

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But the race was not run, and the crown was not won;
Yet with joy that a foretaste was given,
I journey along with the homeward-bound throng,
To the rest that remaineth in Heaven.

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A DREAM.

Nay, I did not think that the loved were lost,
  Who had passed from earth and Time;
I knew when the stream of Death was crossed
  They had reached a sunny clime.

Yet my spirit was wrapped in a shroud of gloom;
  All the sweetness of life had fled;
And I vainly cried to the heedless tomb
  To give me back its dead.

At last—in a dream—the loved ones came
  From the distant, happy shore;
And I heard them fondly speak my name
  As they did in years before.

With a purer joy, with a glad surprise
  That words can never express,
I looked once more in my mother's eyes,
  Divine in their tenderness!

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And I walked again in the dear old ways,
With the trusted friend of my heart,
And talked with her of the lonely days
We had been so far apart.

And one so mourned, so missed—— Ah, well!
As of yore he stood by my side,
And told the sweet tale that a lover should tell
To none but his chosen bride.

But there dawned a day when my life's blood chilled,
And I moaned, and gasped for breath;
And every sound in my chamber was stilled,
Save a whispered word of "Death."

They said that an Angel throng had come
From a beautiful world on high,
To bear me away to that better home:
They meant that I must die!

And Oh, to be called from Love's kind embrace
To that far off spirit-land,
To meet not the gaze of a friendly face,
Nor the grasp of a kindred hand:

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Where the ear would listen to voices strange,
And the footsteps wander alone;
How my soul recoiled from the awful change,
And I dreaded the great unknown!

'Twas a dream; and yet, with such meaning fraught,
It is as a treasure to-day;
And a light and joy to my life are brought
That never can fade away.

And now by the eye of Faith I may see,
Through the gates of the City of Love,
The missed from earth, who are watching for me
In the mansioned house above.

And daily to Heaven, my home, shall ascend
The voice of thanksgiving and prayer,
While kindred, a mother, a lover, a friend,
Are waiting to welcome me there.

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BEYOND THE STARS.

THE moon sends down her silver rays,
And here and there a star is seen
That sparkles 'mid the dazzling sheen:
Upward with longing eyes I gaze,
While thought and fancy traverse ways
Beyond the range of vision,—far
Beyond the farthest glimmering star.

I heard in childhood of a clime,—
A sunny clime with shady bowers,
A land of fairest fruits and flowers,
Of sights and sounds and songs sublime;
Beyond the boundary line of Time
The land of olden story lies:
Its sweetest name is Paradise.

And in that Country we are told
A fair eternal City stands,—
A City builded not with hands:

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Whose gates and walls of pearl and gold
With splendor burn; and so of old
They were, and shone, ere man was made,
Or earth's foundation-stones were laid.

There is the palace of the King
Who sits upon a great white throne
And reigns in majesty alone:
While all His subjects tribute bring;
And seraphim of many wing,
Before Him, in the sacred place,
With reverence veil their feet and face.

There is the Temple of all lands,
Where prayer and praise as sacrifice,
Like mist of fragrant incense rise;
While clad in royal vestment stands
The great High Priest, who in His hands
The censer holds. Behold, with awe,
King, Priest, and Prophet of the Law!

O clay-bound spirit, stay thy flight!
Nor dare in thought to enter now
Where veiled the shining seraphs bow
In presence of the God of light.
It is not meant for mortal sight:—
Thine eyes such glory shall behold
When Time's broad curtain back is rolled.

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THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION.

Oft my feet are very sore and weary
  Wandering in life's rugged, thorny way;
And the desert journey seems so dreary,
  That I fain would see the closing day.

He who made us citizens of Heaven
  Says, "Depart, for this is not your rest."
Points us to that home where rest is given
  In the many mansions of the blest.

We on earth at best are strangers only
  Passing to the better land above,
Through a wilderness oft dark and lonely:
  Lit, at times, by Everlasting Love.

When I see the fiery pillar hover
  Near me, still I know that it is night;
Know that while I thus the way discover,
  Darkness makes the need of guiding light.

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God alone doth know the heavy losses
Which my heart and life alike sustain,—
All the burden of the cares and crosses
Which have bowed me 'neath their weight of pain.

"Father, God!" the stricken soul is crying,
Longing back unto its home to go
When earth's latest hope is withered, dying,
When life's taper here burns dim and low.

Though the world when grievous ills betide me,
Failing to discern the chastening rod,
Thinking that I murmur, much may chide me,
'Tis the world that chides, and not my God.

And to know that He with tender pity
Pities, loves me with a love divine,
Cheers the path to that celestial City
Where a blissful endless life is mine.

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WAITING.

"AFTER the storm a calm," they say:
The winds may blow, and the rain may pour,
But we wait for the light of a golden day
When the rifted clouds shall drift away,
And, after the rain, return no more.

In the time of battle we look above,
Through mist and heavy smoke, for we know
With the olive-branch, from the land of love,
Shall come the beautiful white-winged dove,
And Peace shall reign in the world below.

Each heart has a trial scene in life,
When good Angels whisper, "Be patient, endure,"
(Till the tempest is stilled, and the bitter strife.)
And 'mid the loud din and discord rife,
"Be silent, and keep your garments pure."

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A THANK-OFFERING.

In the valley of Affliction,
When I to its depths descended,
Ere the hour of darkness ended,
Found my soul a benediction
'Mid the gloom of deepest night.
There unerring wisdom taught me
How the meek and poor in spirit,
Earth and Heaven shall inherit:
Thus the night of sorrow brought me
To the dawn of clearer light.

While my heart hath vainly striven
With its long, impatient grieving,
With its fears and unbelieving,
Loving-kindness hath forgiven,
And a righteousness supplied:
All the needed grace bestowing;
Granting many a precious token
That no pledge shall e'er be broken;
To the trembling doubter showing
Every promise proved when tried.

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To the temple, where we gather
With the voice of joy and singing,
Would I come, an offering bringing
To the universal Father
Whom we seek to worship there:
One who, perfect made through suffering,
In the courts above is pleading,
For His ransomed interceding,
Sanctifies each humble offering,
And presents it with His prayer.

For such mercy, rich and tender;
For the goodness never failing;
For the prayer in Heaven availing,
Lord, to Thee what shall I render,
When I meet Thee in Thy house?
In our days of high communion
Show me how to most adore Thee
When Thy people come before Thee,
As in sweet and sacred union
We again would pay our vows.

Still to Thee my hands are reaching,
And I ask the Spirit's guiding,
That in faith and truth abiding,
Ever mindful of His teaching,

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I may order all my ways.
While I bow, abased and lowly,
Hear my fervent supplication,
And accept the dedication;
Let my life-work, earnest, holy,
Be a sacrifice of praise.

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THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

O WONDROUS sight!
As humble shepherds watch their flocks by night,
They see, in splendor of celestial light,
An Angel from the upper skies appear;
The shepherds gaze with blended awe and fear,
While he draws near.

Nay, fear ye not;
For, lo! glad tidings unto you are brought—
The great redemption God for man hath wrought:
The time that was foretold is now begun;
A holy Child is born, the promised One,
A virgin's Son.

With burst of song,
Whose numbers flow exultingly along,
All suddenly descends a radiant throng;
For Heaven, rejoicing, sends a choir to earth,
To celebrate with voice of sacred mirth,
Messiah's birth.

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The years roll on,
And generations vast have come and gone,
Since angels heralded that morning's dawn;
Look we in vain to far Judea's plain
For shining forms? for heavenly music's strain
List we in vain?

Do earnest eyes
With hopeless longing watch the Eastern skies
To see the star that shone to guide the wise,
Who, worshipping the Babe of Bethlehem,
Decked thus His brow with kingly diadem
Of precious gem?

Blest, holy morn,
That to the world revealed a Saviour born!
His star shall evermore the Heavens adorn,
And Eastern sages still their homage bring,
Of costly gifts, and thankful offering,
To Christ our King;

While lips unfold
The strange, sweet story that with joy is told
From age to age, yet never can grow old:
To hear the "Peace on earth, to men good will,"
Glad hearts, till Time shall be no more, may still
With rapture fill.

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WORK AND WARFARE.

HUMAN life is frail and fleeting:
We are beings of a day,
And the hours are far too precious
To be idly dreamed away.
Much of work and warfare waiting
Earnest action, careful thought,
Is the urgent call to duty,
By the many heeded not.

Lives are wasted in endeavor
To unfold a scheme designed
To display God's love and justice,
In redeeming lost mankind.
Wiser they who, humbly seeking,
Find the very Truth they need;
And a living faith is better
Than a long, well-worded creed.

Since the war of good and evil,
Dating from the fall of man,

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When the dark and dreadful conflict
First in Eden fair began,
Ever in the world's sad history,
Handed down from age to age,
Sorrow, Sin, and Death, have written
Heavy lines on every page.

This is of the past recorded?—
Look we even now abroad:
Lo, the whole creation groaning
'Neath the awful curse of God!
Still the world's vile prince is claiming
Earth's dominion as his own,
And will reign till by Messiah
He is spoiled and overthrown.

In the solemn strife of ages,
Neutral none can hope to be.
Multitudes around us perish,
And across the mighty sea
Comes the cry of weary captives,—
Souls by Satan held in thrall:
Still upon the sin of Meroz,
As of old, the curse shall fall.

Short for each the time of service
In the cause of truth and right;

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Soon for us shall day be ended:
Let us labor in the light.
Never may the fearful warfare
With the powers of evil cease,
Till the full and final triumph
Of the glorious Prince of Peace!

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LIGHT AT EVENING-TIME.

In the ancient Church,
When the zeal of the many was burning low,
And the Temple worship was pomp and show,
The remnant still offered a prayer sincere,
That the Lord of the Temple would soon appear.

In the fulness of time
He came; and the Lamb of God was slain;
Then the veil of the Temple was rent in twain,
For the mission of Jewish priests was o'er,
And the blood of beasts was required no more.

It was long ago;
And back through ages we look to-day
To Christ, the new and the living way;
The Light of the world, who salvation brought
To His own,—and His own received Him not!

And the nations sit
In darkness, and grope in the noontide still;
And the City so favored, and set on a hill,

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Sheds a waning glory, now pale and dim;
While faint is the sound of her sacred hymn.

Not clear, and not dark,
Is the light of the long-clouded day to the sight
Of God's people, who often may think it is night,
And, longing for daybreak, look eastward in vain
For the sunlight to burst over hill-top and plain.

For over the world
Have error and sin spread a mist that conceals
The truth which the gospel so plainly reveals;
As the vapor that hangs between earth and the skies,
At times hides the radiant sun from our eyes.

But down through the gloom
Comes a wonderful promise, to comfort and cheer
The soul of the watcher it gladdens to hear;
In the twilight of evening to earth shall be given
The brightness of morning, the sunshine of Heaven!

The promise is sure;
Even now may the gracious fulfilment be near,
Though the darkness is deepening year after year,
The faith growing weaker that once was so strong,
And the cry still ascending: "Jehovah, how long?"

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God knoweth the time;
His hand must subdue the dread powers of sin,
Ere Messiah's blest reign shall in triumph begin;
When Zion exalted in beauty shall be,
And in garments of praise keep her glad jubilee.

So we pray and wait,
And oft in the fair-visioned future behold
The glorious age by the prophets foretold,
When truth, with a halo all pure and divine,
In the eventide of the Church shall shine.

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YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER.

THE joys that crowned life's latest year,
Passed with the year away;
And all the hopes to us so dear,
Have vanished; yet for them no tear
Bedims the eye to-day;
Faint traces only now remain
Of bygone pleasure, or of pain;
For ere the passing scene is gone,
Fresh hopes and fears come crowding on.

The friends of yesterday are cold,
Not false: we grow apart:
And even while we mourn the old,
New friends are waiting near to hold
A place within the heart.
For these a smile; for those a sigh;
Glad welcome after sad good-by;

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And soon, with all its shade and light,
The present hides the past from sight.

Awhile we say: "'Tis better so;"
There *is* a charm in change,
Till, weary of the change below,
No longer joyfully we go
To meet the new and strange.
There comes a longing, earnest, deep,
For bliss that may be ours to keep:
With transient good unsatisfied,
We crave the good that shall abide.

From crumbling idols formed of clay,
We turn to hear the name
Of One on whom our souls can stay;
Of One who, yesterday, to-day,
Forever, is the same;
Then with that never-failing Friend
We walk till Time with us shall end,
And trust the hand alike that leads
In desert paths and verdant meads.

The world's wild tossings to and fro,
No more our souls can move.
Earth's treasures perish: let them go!
What matter, since that name we know,
All other names above?

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The gloom and glory of the Cross,
Can darken gain, and brighten loss;
And whether good or ill befall,
The changeless Christ is all in all.

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A CHRISTMAS POEM.

WHEN looking back o'er Eighteen hundred years,
All faintly seen through mist and shade of earth,
In brightness clad, a seraph form appears,
With glorious tidings of Messiah's birth.

And while with hearts as glad to-day we hear,
As when in childhood listening to each word
That told the wondrous story, year by year,
In Christian lands and Christian dwellings heard,—

Yet with our joy a solemn sadness blends:
And ever and anon afar we gaze,
And view the earth, to its remotest ends,
Enshrouded still in sin's bewildering haze.

Lo! darkness thicker than Egyptian, now
Covers the Gentile world, where nations vast,
To wood and stone in homage blindly bow,
As in the deepest night of ages past.

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No king a sceptre sways on Judah's throne,
And Israel wanders, scattered far and wide;
Their Prince despised, rejected by His own,
Who live as if for them "no Christ had died."

What of the ransomed flock, the Church of God,
The fair and spotless Bride, the chosen one,
Bought from among all nations with the blood
Of God's eternal well-beloved Son?

The gold is dim; the most fine gold is changed;
Defiled in dust the robes with needle wrought:
And Zion is from early love estranged,
Nor mourns her state: alas, she knows it not!

From olden paths so many turn aside,
And unbelief flows in a widening stream.
O why did daring hands so soon divide
A sacred vesture woven without seam?

It is not strange that 'mid the din of "swords
Wrought out of iron creeds," when many do
But darken counsel in the strife of words,
The false is oft mistaken for the true.

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It is not strange that earnest Christian men,
With vision dimmed, read promise of an hour
When Christ shall surely come to earth again:
Shall come in royal state, with kingly power;

His truth to publish and His laws maintain,
And to Himself the people all subdue;
And in His peaceful and triumphant reign,
Convert the Gentile, and recall the Jew.

Delusive dream, though beautiful indeed;
The danger 'neath the loveliness concealed:
All plants which spring from Error's poisonous seed,
Their deadly fruit in season due shall yield.

And much they err who error do oppose
By some feared truth in borrowed colors dressed.
Unvarnished truth shall win, that boldly goes
Forth to the conflict at the Lord's behest.

Watchman on Zion's wall! to us declare
If thou canst yet afar discern the light
Of breaking day: what seest thou? Beware!
The morning cometh? Cometh, too, the night.

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And though the longed-for day is hastening on,—
In prophecy foretold, in covenant sworn,—
The dreariest watch must still precede the dawn,
And usher in the bright Millennial morn.

God's Word and Spirit yet His power shall show,
With rays life-giving to dispel sin's gloom:
And soon in thirsty lands may waters flow;
And soon in desert wilds the rose may bloom.

To Zion the redeemed returning then,
"Glory to God," with gladsome voice shall sing;
While angel bands respond: "Good will to men!"
And Heaven and earth rejoice to crown their King.

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"WHAT ART THOU DOING WITH THY LIFE?"

THOUGH words at best have only power to shadow forth
a thought,
The strangely startling question comes with deepest
import fraught:
It bids the vanished "long ago," the scenes of days
gone by,
Again in slow and sad review to pass before the eye;
The bright and precious morning hours, for holy labor
lent,
And all the golden noontide too, in idle folly spent;
And while behind the Western hills descends the
evening sun,
What art thou doing with thy life,—when life is almost
done?

What art thou doing with thy life? And if the head
must bow
With shame and sorrow for the past, what art thou doing
now?

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'Tis not enough that thou regret, and weep for wasted years;
With earnest work not yet begun, in vain are all thy tears.
The past is gone; the present still thy gifts and powers demands
In service, to the Lord and men, of willing heart and hands;
And as the truth is thine to keep, so time is thine to use
As He who metes it out requires, and not as thou mayst choose.

What art thou doing with thy life? A deathless soul is thine,
Created, in a higher sphere to live a life divine.
The earthly house in which it dwells, to dust shall be brought low;
The soul unclothed and homeless then, ah! whither shall it go,
When blissful immortality, bought at a fearful cost,
Long offered, and rejected long, beyond all hope is lost?
It cannot face the depths beneath; it may not look above;
Shut out forever from the ark of Everlasting love!

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What art thou doing with thy life? Thy course is
nearly run;
And if the never-fading crown can even yet be won,
The fleeting moments haste away; it is unsafe to wait:
To grasp the prize a trembling hand may be outstretched
too late.
And though, alas! the darkened eyes, the earthward-
bending gaze,
Must heavenward directed be when dim with length of
days,
Far better this than wandering on, to meet a coming
night
Whose gloom shall never be dispelled by beams of
morning light.

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FAR FROM HOME.

HARK! I hear a mournful moaning,
And a dismal, piteous groaning,
As the cold night blast goes wailing through the forests bleak and bare:
Faded is Autumnal glory,
While stern Winter, chill and hoary,
In the steps of Autumn treading,
Reigning tyrant-like, is spreading
Over plain and hill and valley, desolation—everywhere.

'Tis no wintry wind that chills me;
'Tis no mournful sound that fills me
With a strangely solemn sadness: 'tis that thought to-night will roam
Out through space so dark and dreary,
To that fireside bright and cheery,
Where the dear familiar faces
Fill their old accustomed places,
While I feel that I am missing all the warmth and light of home.

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Though the radiant, sacred beauty,
Halo-like encircling duty,
Lends to it a charm which keeps me from beneath the sheltering dome;
And though pleasant faces meet me,
And kind, loving voices greet me,
Still from them my heart is turning,
And with tender fondness yearning
For the faces and the voices I would see and hear at home.

* * * * * * * * * *

Winter time upon Life's ocean!
And the billows in commotion,
In the tempest wildly surging, cover my frail bark with foam:
Yet I know they bear me nearer
To that land where purer, clearer,
Is the brilliant light above me
Shining on the loved who love me,
In the house of many mansions, my far-off, Eternal home.

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BY THE RIVER.

O WHY do you ask me to stay
In a valley of weeping, like this?
There is rest even now for the suffering clay.
I can see, from the brink of the River, to-day,
The regions of infinite bliss.

Life's wearisome journey is o'er,
The time of departure has come;
And the eyes of fond watchers shall see me no more,
Till they gaze into mine on yon far-away shore,
When we meet in our beautiful home.

And yet I shall often be near,
Though my form you can never descry.
My footsteps all noiseless no mortal may hear,
And the rustling of wings shall not startle the ear,
Nor tell that a spirit is nigh.

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In your night-time of pain I shall stand
By your couch, as you stand by me now;
And in dreams when you feel the soft touch of my hand,
You will think the cool breezes of Heaven have fanned
Your aching and feverish brow.

And oft in your loneliest hours
I shall come in low whispers of love,
To turn your sad thoughts to the evergreen bowers,
The roses and lilies and sweet-scented flowers,
That bloom in the Eden above,

Where friends and companions of old
With Angels are walking in white,
In the land afar off, rich with glories untold,
Where the ransomed the "King in His beauty" behold—
Immortality shrouded in light!

How strange that we mortals so cling
To earth-life, and dread so to die!
The monster is vanquished and robbed of his sting,
And Death is a solemnly glorious thing,—
A gateway to mansions on high.

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Then ask me no longer to stay
In a country of sorrow like this.
I am ready to cross the deep Jordan to-day;
The immortal is longing to break from its clay,
And mount to the dwellings of bliss.

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A LITTLE WHILE.

THE world at best is selfish, cold, and rude:
Oft, when its empty show befits us not,
We seek the pleasant paths of solitude,
And wander in the quiet realms of Thought.

There Memory, faithful to her sacred trust,
Lifts up the heavy veil Time's hand hath cast
O'er forms and features mouldered down to dust,
And shows us cherished visions of the past.

She paints bright pictures of the vanished years,—
Perchance a face beloved in bygone days,—
Until we dim each scene with blinding tears,
And bid her thus no more to mock our gaze.

Then Fancy comes, and chides us that we miss
And mourn our lost so long, and weep alone;
And tells of lips as sweet we yet may kiss;
Of hearts may beat responsive to our own.

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Though "Memory is the only friend of Grief,"
Why should we listen to her voice of woe?
Oblivion brings a sure and glad relief;
In future bliss forget the long ago.

But Faith and Hope with radiant brows appear,
And greet us with such gentle tone and smile;
With earnest words our troubled spirits cheer,
And bid us labor on a little while.

They speak of Memory as a pitying friend
Who mingles pleasure with each sad regret:
The days of separation soon will end,
And so it were not well that we forget;

Not well to follow flitting shapes in vain;
Nor grasp the phantoms formed by Fancy's skill:
Her promised joys too often give us pain,
And deeper make a void they cannot fill.

These shining ones point to a land more fair,
And softly whisper, "In that world above,
From pleasing dreams none wake to mad despair,
And homeless hearts ne'er vainly plead for love."

A little while! and still we work and wait,
And live for those whose lives our own have blest,
Till Angels open wide the Golden gate,
And welcome us to everlasting rest.

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UNFORGIVEN.

How can friend or lover ever
  Cherish bitter thoughts of wrong;
Granting sweet forgiveness never
  Unto one repentant long?

Pride hath bidden me so often
  Not forgive, and not forget;
Yet would pride and anger soften,
  Ending soon in deep regret.

Oh, a dismal cloud of sadness
  Overcasts my sky to-day,
And the brightest beams of gladness
  Cannot chase the gloom away!

Thoughts of other days still linger,
  On my path a shade to cast;
Memory sadly points her finger
  To a fair unclouded past,

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When in girlhood's sunny hour
  Life by girlhood's hope was blest;
As in an enchanted bower,
  Gladly found my spirit rest.

Though no solemn vows were spoken,
  Love did well its loan repay,
Till the spell was strangely broken,
  And life's joy was swept away.

Then my heart, with sorrow aching,
  Told, in sorrow's plaintive tone,
How 'twas ever bleeding, breaking,
  For the love it once had known:—

Told this as if fondly dreaming
  Over gold that turned to dust;
While I was the victim seeming
  Of misguided love and trust:

All unthinking,—not foreseeing
  How another heart could feel;
How that tale would wound a being
  Still devoted, true as steel.

As in spring Love's blossoms perished,
  Fragrant, fresh with morning dew,
All that later friendship cherished
  In my sight must wither too!

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Then I plead to be forgiven,
  But my pleading was in vain;
Hearts, united once, were riven,
  Never to unite again.

'Tis a cruel thing to sever
  Bonds of dearest friends that live;
'Tis unkind, unjust, to never
  Sorrow's thoughtless words forgive.

O'er me misty shadows hover;
  Memory back hath pointed long
To an early friend and lover,
  And an unforgiven wrong.

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LOVE'S GIFTS.

In the solemn hush at the close of day,
I steal apart from the careless throng,
And under the veil of the twilight gray,
I roam in the far-off realm of Song:
On that greenest sod, in that purest air,
Bloom flowers of tint and fragrance rare;
And I pluck the fairest of all I see,
To wreathe a garland, my Love, for thee.

Ah, little I heed earth's joy or pain,
As in some bright valley I rest alone,
While beautiful fancies crowd my brain,
And beautiful thoughts: they are not my own,
And I know not whence they come, yet I write
On a stainless page of snowy white,
In the book of my heart, which closed shall be
To others, but open, my Love, to thee!

There's an ocean deep in that wondrous land;
Its moan is a sound that I gladly hear

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In the evening-time, on its golden strand,
Where no other music greets my ear:
As mystic shells, and pearls, to the shore
The waves are washing forevermore,
Of the treasures cast from the depths of the sea,
I gather the richest, my Love, for thee.

* * * * * * * *

O love of my womanhood! wherefore dost thou
Thy coming delay through these tedious years?
The night's chill shadows creep over me now;
Yon cloud, floating nearer, holds showers of tears.
My heart is so weary of waiting so long
With gifts that it brings from the region of Song:
The flattering world cannot win them from me;
I shall give them to thee, Love, and only to thee.

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IN MEMORY'S FAIRY HALLS.

Not dimly burns the lamp to-night
In Memory's fairy halls,
That gilds with such a hallowed light
Each picture on the walls,
Where olden scenes a freshness wear
It thrills the heart to see;
Where faces fair with beauty rare,
Are smiling down on me.

And while I ponder here alone,
Rich music greets my ear;
I list to each familiar tone
I once so loved to hear:
What hidden power thus voice can lend
Unto this old-time throng,
Till notes of friend and lover blend
In sweet, melodious song?

Her magic touch let Fancy boast,
And smile at sober Thought;

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The imagery that charms us most,
Not Fancy's hand hath wrought:
Her pencil is not skilled to trace
A scene of bygone years;
Nor paint with grace each vanished face
That here to-night appears.

'Tis Memory to the raptured gaze
Can thus the past unfold,
Till form and face of other days,
All perfect, we behold;
And pictured lips that deck her walls
Breathe music soft and low;
Each strain that falls within her halls
A song of long ago.

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DRIFTED APART.

Lost, and I know not where thou art!
I know we change in mind and heart,
And dearest friends will drift apart,
Upon Time's treacherous tide;
And yet I dreamed that thou and I
On waters calm, 'neath cloudless sky,
Might onward float, forever nigh,
Across Life's ocean wide.

And still I mourn the luckless day
I marked thee slowly glide away;
In piteous tones I bade thee stay,
And leave me not alone:
No answering word or look from thee
Came through the distance back to me;
Only the waves of Life's deep sea
Made melancholy moan.

No kind farewell, no parting kiss!
But memory of departed bliss,

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A void that aches for what we miss
From out the life and heart:
To weary of the world's dull ways;
To scorn alike its blame and praise,
And weep for joys of bygone days,—
Ah me, to drift apart!

I loved thee,—I who love so few;
I trusted thee, as women do;
The trustful always are the true,
Who change not with the years.
Some hearts are made to love in vain;
Some brows to ever ache with pain;
Some lips to sing a sad refrain;
Some eyes are made for tears.

I quit the busy haunts of men,
And seek sweet solitude again,
With friendly book and faithful pen:
These are not lost to me,
But, Love, I know not where thou art!
We change in mind, and change in heart,
And this is why we drift apart,
Upon Time's stormy sea.

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AFTER MANY DAYS.

WHEN, alone, I was musing but yesterday
On hopes that were blighted long years before,
And their phantoms that haunt my lonely way,
Lo! a stranger came to my father's door.

My cheek turned pale, and I stood aghast,
When he spoke my name in a friendly tone:
"Can it be," he asked me, "that over the past
Oblivion's shade is thus early thrown?"

The face was strange, and the voice was strange,
Though he sought not to wear the least disguise;
But Time and his changes could never change
The questioning glance of those sad gray eyes.

"You told me," he said, "when I left you in tears,
Though I little deemed your words were true,
That my pride would fail; that the coming years
Would bring the wanderer back to you.

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"You knew that if time should make me wise,
Ere manhood's prime I could understand
How a youth may slight what a man will prize;
And a heart is a greater gift than a hand."

Then he gazed on my solemn, thoughtful face;
But no hollow cheek, and no sunken eye
Met that searching look; and he saw no trace
Of sorrow, no wreck of days gone by.

When the troubled fountain is lulled to rest,
The stream that flows onward may deepen each day:
And the quiet calm of a passionless breast,
Can chase the death-pallor of grief away.

Did I dream? would the vision vanish? No!
Yet stranger than fiction the truth seemed then;
For the cherished hopes of the long ago,
Were returning to crown my life again.

To-day, as my hands press my aching brow,
I ask of the Present, "Why give me this?"
And the Past is unveiled before me now,
With its joy and sorrow, its pain and bliss.

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I have turned to the Future, and longed in vain
For the better love that it sometimes brings:
I have forged, and broken, a fragile chain;
And have found that friendship can wear no wings.

And so many shadows my path have crossed,—
So many I trusted are false and cold:—
The bud and the bloom of my life are lost,
And my heart is old, oh so very old!

And my girlhood's love? has it come too late
For the dew and the rose that girlhood wore?
I know not; and softly I murmur, "Wait!"
To the stranger who came to my father's door.

Digitized by Google

DEAD.

How hushed and low is every spoken word,
  While with a light and softened step we tread!
And not a rude and jarring sound is heard
  Within the silent chamber of the dead.

A look of sadness rests upon each brow,—
  As if beneath a pall of settled gloom;
Save one, who lies in girlish sweetness now,
  And beauty shrouded for the early tomb.

Back from our lips we crush the wail of woe,
  And strive to say, "It is the Father's will,
And be it done!" His will is best, we know,
  But dark, rebellious thoughts disturb us still.

Dead! and to us the white-robed mortal brings
  The vast eternity so near to-day:
The veil seems lifted from eternal things
  The while we gaze upon the soulless clay.

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Ah, long shall friends and kindred mourn and miss
The face, the form, we all have loved so well!
And in a strange, sad, sorrowing world like this,
The pang of parting pen nor tongue can tell.

But he to whom Love's first fond vows were spoken,
The pain of separation never knew;
The tie that bound their spirits was not broken,
So soon he crossed Death's deep, chill river, too.

Is it to her we bid our last adieu,
For her alone in bitterness we weep?
Yet for the stranger, whom we scarcely knew;
Here we would bless him in his peaceful sleep.

Back from the shadowy land where both have gone,
Perchance to earth they nevermore can come;
Yet ere the resurrection morn shall dawn,
Our souls may meet them in the spirit-home.

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THE PARTING HOUR.

THE murmur of a sad farewell,
Disturbs the stillness of the hour,
And softly breaks the wondrous spell
That binds with such enchanting power.
The bliss of freedom now is thine;
The pain of parting only mine;
But pride forbids the flow of tears
To drown the shattered hopes of years.

At times the restless heart will range,
A wanderer to earth's utmost end;
And, seemingly, in quest of change,
Desert the dearest bosom-friend;
Forsake the old, the tried and true,
Bestowing blindly on the new,
The loving trust we gave before
To one we call our own no more.

Ere long the new-found joy is lost,
And we would gladly claim our own;

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But when our path again is crossed
By one we left to mourn alone,
We grieve to find affection fled,
And every tender feeling dead ;
When, like a weary, homeless dove,
The spirit seeks the Ark of Love.

So when some stranger heart shall prove
As false as thine has proved to be,
From all the wreck of changing love
I know that thou wilt turn to me,
And with a hopeless longing, crave
The pure devotion that I gave,
Before this sweet, enchanting spell
Was broken by a sad farewell.

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WASTED YEARS.

FEW years at most remain;
So many have been spent in strivings vain
After what mortals never may attain.
"Missed" is the burden of the vanished years;
A dreary, barren waste the Past appears,
Seen through repentant tears.

I often wondered why
We idle dreamers build so very high,
That Fancy's castles almost reach the sky:
In some ideal fair alone we find
Perfections which we seek in heart and mind;
Love is not always blind.

One truth full well I know:
The fane in which I worshipped long ago,
Is fallen, shattered, in the dust laid low;
Its beauteous imagery has passed away,
And yet the time is not redeemed to-day;
Alas, 'tis lost for aye!

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Then henceforth be it thine,
Thou erring and sore-chastened heart of mine,
To bring thy offerings to a higher shrine;
And should thy future life be deeds of praise,
Still, in remembrance of thy former ways,
Go softly all thy days.

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THE VOICE OF SORROW.

THERE are wailings of sorrow which cannot be hushed
There are hearts which unceasingly moan;
And the world never sees that they daily must bear
A cross that is hidden, a burden of care,
The grief of a spirit whose hopes have been crushed,
Whose wound is to others unknown.

There are whispers of sadness that cannot be stilled;
To chide were both cruel and vain;
A heart that with anguish forever must ache,
Yet suffer in silence, would certainly break;
A soul that with bitterness long has been filled,
Finds peace in the plaintive refrain.

Alas for immortals who hopelessly sigh,
And mournfully search evermore,
For a dwelling on earth, for a rest, and a home;
Yet ever unsatisfied, restlessly roam,
With a weary, wild longing, a piteous cry,
For the bliss of eternity's shore!

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Oh, seek not to hush the sad numbers that flow
From sorrow's deep fountain of song!
And chide not the singer; perchance every strain
Gives a moment of ease in a lifetime of pain,
Though it tells not the heart-touching tale of a woe
Concealed from earth's pitiless throng.

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"UNGUESSED."

Oh, say not so!
I guessed the painful secret long ago;
Can tell it now—if thou dost doubt I know.
False are my lips if they unfold
The mournful history I hold,
As yet untold.

I gaze afar
Upon a changeful, courseless, wandering star,
And know full well what hidden causes mar
And dim the splendor of that light,
Which, fixed, might shine so strangely bright
Through Life's dark night.

Yes, I have heard,—
In fancy, when thy spirit's deeps were stirred,—
The midnight moan; knew the unspoken word,
While pride crushed back the plaintive wail
Of sorrow's song, when lips all pale
Would tell the tale.

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O cruel strife,
With which some bursting hearts seem ever rife!
This is, indeed, "a mystery of Life."
The thoughtless throng may not divine
Effect or cause; but souls like mine
Can fathom thine;

Can feel thy pain,
As aching heart, and ever-restless brain,
In thoughtful labor seek relief in vain:
The rude, cold world looks on the while,
Nor sees what lurks beneath a smile
Worn to beguile.

O broken dream!
That from fair girlhood's morn shut out the beam
Of Hope, that henceforth may not shed a gleam,
A fitful gleam, a transient ray
Of golden light upon a way
So dark to-day.

O coming years,
To which sad eyes are looking thro' their tears,
To see if some new star of Hope appears!
Come softly, sweetly lull to rest,
Grief's surges in a troubled breast
Whose grief I guessed!

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BE STILL.

Lips, that fain would speak, be still!
Mention naught of wrong or ill;
Let not one reproachful word
By the listening throng be heard.
Time thy tale will better tell;
Truth is thine, and all is well.

Heart, be still, and make no moan!
Bear thy burden all alone:
And if thou must bear it long,
Patient be, and brave, and strong;
Never once the cross lay down,
Lest thou fail to win the crown.

Restless spirit, silent be!
There is One to pity thee:
One who shame and sorrow bore,
Sees thee crushed and wounded sore;
Love and sympathy are thine;—
His, the human and divine.

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Spirit, heart, and lips, be still
In the night of wrong and ill!
Morn will surely dawn, though late;
Waiting trust, and trusting wait:
Time at last the truth shall tell,
Truth is thine, and all is well.

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FORGET.

I DO not say, "Forget me not,"
Lest every thought of me
Which memory holds, comes strangely fraught
With bitterness to thee.
Oh, if remembrance of the past
Can shadows on the present cast,
Or cloud the future with regret,
I only ask thee to forget!

Since Hope and Love alike have flown
So early on Time's wing,
To think of joy we both have known,
To both may sorrow bring.
No star of Hope, with splendor bright,
Illumes for me the sky by night;
Love's sun, to rise no more, hath set,
And so 'tis best that I forget.

This is the thought that pains me now,
When looking back to-day:

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Perchance in lonely sadness thou
Dost walk a darkened way;
While on my path new light hath shone,
And free and glad my heart hath grown.
The while unloved, unloving, yet
I can be happy and forget.

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GOOD-BY.

"FAREWELL!" is such a mournful word
To speak when kindred souls must part;
And when Affection's fount is stirred,
"Adieu!" falls coldly on the heart;
With faltering accent, tear-dimmed eye,
We breathe that sweeter word, "Good-by!"

But yesterday my lips were dumb;
Chill flowed the life-tide through each vein;
Would that the parting hour had come
Before it brought such bitter pain!—
Had come in days when thou and I
Alike in love could say good-by.

Is life a scene of chance and change,
Formed of uncertain light and shade?
Can one brief day our faith estrange,
And bid earth's brightest sunlight fade?
Pale lips, that ask in anguish,—"Why?"
Have scarce the power to say good-by.

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The past is buried low to-day;
While, gathering from a far-off shore,
Weird phantoms haunt my shadowed way,
And voices whisper,—"Nevermore!"
Yet the lone spirit's wailing cry
Shapes only one sad thought—"Good-by."

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TOO LATE.

And this is fate!
My heart had grown impatient, could not wait,
And so the longed-for message came too late;
Hope lingered on, through suffering and tears,
Still crushing down the rising doubts and fears,
For weary years.

And then Hope fled;
Love's flame burned low, by fuel all unfed,
Until the coals seemed in the ashes dead;
And when neglect its cruel work had wrought,
And with estrangement wretchedness had brought,
You heeded not.

At last you came,
The slighted love of other days to claim,
And thought to find the olden faith the same;
But then the "might have been" could never be.
Oh, would that you had only come to me
When both were free!

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My spirit long
Paid homage in the sacred fane of Song,
Thus striving to forget life's bitter wrong:
Fame's voice but grated harshly on an ear
That once had heard, and gladly still would hear,
A sound more dear.

Yet song of mine,—
Though sad the words that formed each measured line,—
Brought offerings to a long-deserted shrine;
And then the laurel, prized but for a day,
No longer prized, was lightly cast away,
For Love's lost sway.

And soon a bride,
Before the altar, by another's side,
With trembling lips to God and man I lied.
For this the future must atonement make;
Dumb shall these lips be, for another's sake,
Though heart should break!

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SUMMER DAYS.

In this sunny summer weather
Let us roam once more together,
Where, with light and careless footstep, oft we wandered long ago:
Resting in the maple's shadow;
Strolling through the grassy meadow;
Loitering by the sparkling streamlet, listening to its murmuring flow.

Seek we now the distant wildwood,—
Favorite haunt of wayward childhood—
From the scorching sunbeams sheltered by the tangled boughs outspread;
While the breezes through them playing,
Are with graceful motion swaying
To and fro the leafy branches, gently bending overhead.

Through the heated noontide hours,
Oft in thickest woodland bowers,

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Thinking but of present pleasure, long and idly lingered we;
While the forest warblers near us
Sang their happy songs to cheer us;
And the notes of wildest discord, seemed to us but harmony.

And the fields are covered over
With the scented, ripening clover,
While the bee is busy gathering stores of sweetness hidden there.
Yonder to our view discloses
Beds of fragrant pinks and roses,
Blooming in the fairest garden that with perfume fills the air.

All their magic powers still blending,
While alternately descending,
Summer showers and summer sunshine earth shall bless and beautify.
Harvests white await the reaping;
Orchards golden fruit are keeping:
Bringing every gift in season, softly summer passes by.

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NIGHT THOUGHTS.

When Night her dusky mantle flings
O'er Nature with a beauty grand;
When her far-reaching sable wings
She spreads abroad o'er sea and land:

When on a weary world she throws
The silent spell that calls to rest,
And bids us seek the sweet repose
By which our laboring race is blest:

In wonder rapt, with spell-bound eye,
Afar through space I love to gaze,
And in the gorgeous, star-gemmed sky
Behold the glory Night displays.

Of richest lore a volume then
Is open wide from age to age;
While truths from an unerring pen,
Adorn each vast, unmeasured page.

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Upon those pages bright and fair,
  Earth's rude, unlettered sons may look,
And learn of One unseen, who there
  Has written in that ancient book.

And there the men of learning find
  A lesson deeper, grander far;
  nd read a great Eternal Mind
  Revealed in every sparkling star.

With awe profound I raise my eyes,
  When shades of night around me fall,
And strive to look beyond the skies,
  To Him who made and governs all.

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AUTUMN DAYS.

AUTUMN, clad in raiment golden,
Comes in Summer's stead to reign;
Bringing to us memories olden,
Fraught with blended joy and pain.
Still to Summer's day of gladness
Youth's gay fancy fondly clings;
While a pleasing, solemn sadness,
Autumn's noontide splendor brings.

O'er my lonely spirit stealing,
With the old-time bitterness,
Comes that deeply-mournful feeling,
Words are feeble to express.
Autumn's chilly winds are sweeping,
And his blighting footsteps tread
O'er a shrouded loved one, sleeping
In the City of the Dead.

When the Summer green had faded—
In the days that come no more,

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And when darker tints had shaded
Richer robes that Nature wore,
Then she loved so well to wander
Through the field or forest shade:
Now she treads the "over yonder,"
Where no earth-born beauties fade.

When the forests shed their glory,
And the fallen leaves grow sere,
Telling just the same sad story
Told by Autumn every year,
Then we feel that all we cherish
Soon must meet the sure decay;
Everything we love must perish—
Fade, as fallen leaf, away.

Mother dear, my feet are weary
On the threshold of life's prime;
And my path is strangely dreary,
As in latest Autumn time.
Withering blight and desolation,
Sorrow's flood of falling tears,
Stretch between our separation,
Fill the measure of my years.

Mother, in celestial bowers
Is there naught but fragrant bloom?

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Does no Death-frost touch the flowers
  In the world beyond the tomb?
How the lone, and grieved in spirit,
  Look afar to yon bright strand,
Waiting, longing to inherit
  Life's eternal Summer land!

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NEARER HOME.

AGAIN behind the hills the sun
Is sinking in the West:
The journey of the day is done,
It is the hour of rest. How sweet
In quiet hope to rest!

The distance from Faith's sight may hide
At times that stately dome,
Yet we can say, each eventide,
"A day's march nearer home." What joy
To pilgrims travelling home!

The dear ones who have gone before,
Once trod this weary road;
But now their footsteps roam no more
Far from their fixed abode. And we
Press on to that abode.

While from the City built above,
Our sainted friends look down,

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And view, with tender, watchful love,
Our race to win the crown,—that prize
Before us set, Life's crown.

And some of us perchance have spent
The number of our years,
And for the last time pitch our tent,
To rest from toil and tears,—to wake
Beyond earth's toil and tears.

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THE PASSING YEARS.

So fade the years!
So vanish joyous smiles and bitter tears!
Only in memory live our hopes and fears.
Thus, since the earth's first morning dawn,
The circling years have come and gone,
And time rolls on.

Its waters bear
On their wide flood full many a weight of care,
And many a golden dream and vision fair,
To bury in an ocean vast.
A lingering farewell look we cast,
Then all is past.

There is a clime
Whose early grandeur stands unchanged, sublime,
Unmarred by any ravages of Time:
A new Creation seems that place,
Where age upon a youthful face
Has left no trace.

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No wintry hours
There follow Autumn's withered leaves and flowers:
Eternal Summer beauty clothes the bowers,
And threatening tempests never rise
To dim the beaming, tearless eyes,
Beyond the skies.

Evil and few
Our earthly years. We bid the Old adieu,
And, as we gladly welcome in the New,
Look forward with expectant eye:
The future holds a brighter sky
Than days gone by.

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THE JOYS OF OLD.

In the lonely path of some vanished pleasure,
  Our spell-bound footsteps would linger long;
And the wayside grave of some buried treasure,
  Too oft is the theme of our mournful song.
The harp and the voice from a slumber of sadness
Awake not to numbers of musical gladness,
But the strain that is sung, and the tale that is told,
Are a solemn dirge to the joys of old.

We love the dark wrappings of gloom that enfold us,—
  Sad Memory's mysterious thraldom of pain.
Strange captives, to cling to the fetters that hold us,
  Forever refusing to sever the chain!
From pleasure to-day, and sweet hope for to-morrow,
We turn to the past with a burden of sorrow,
Spurn joys that the present and future may hold,
While we idly grieve for the joys of old.

And so to the tomb by the wayside returning,
  Still scorning the good that life brings us to-day,

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The spirit grows wild with a passionate yearning
For visions of beauty that faded away.
We weep for the first blighted buds of the morning,
Nor see the rich roses the noontide adorning.
Does the bloom of the Summer before us unfold,
'Tis veiled by the pall of the joys of old.

Far better than sing of these memories olden,
The harp should be silent, the lips should be dumb.
The present is joyous, the future is golden
With bountiful harvest of blessings to come.
Then let our glad song be of hopes that we cherish;
Of fruit that will ripen, though blossoms must perish;
Of treasures that Time, robed in dust and mould,
Can never entomb with the joys of old.

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THINGS FOR REMEMBRANCE.

If our eyes, the good beholding,
Were to evil only blind,
More to praise, and less to censure,
Doubtless we should daily find.
Are there none of all around us
Worthy of our love and trust?
Pride too often sits in judgment,
And the sentence is unjust.

Many a time a thoughtless error
We account a bitter wrong,
And in sullen, silent sorrow
Over it are brooding long,
Knowing not we to another
Thus are giving keener pain;
That the history, fairly written,
Shows for us a darker stain.

If we on each page of memory
Noted words and actions kind,

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Made no record of a grievance
Ever in the book of mind,
Other lives would seem far fairer,
Read in every brighter line;
And the light to them imparted,
On our lonely lives would shine.

From earth's weaknesses and follies
None are altogether free.
Frail and human are the noblest,—
Frail and human too, are we.
Clearer eyes than ours are looking,
And the pen of truth may write
Much to shame and to condemn us,
Hidden yet from mortal sight.

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A MESSAGE.

O FRIEND, whose tender, pitying love, in time of deep distress,
Dawned on my darkly-shadowed path, to comfort and to bless!
I miss the sunshine of thy smile, I miss the words of cheer,
That charmed away the lingering pain, and checked the coming tear;
I miss the happy, hopeful mood, the earnest, trusting life,
That to my own imparted strength to brave the outward strife.
My spirit makes a plaintive moan, and cannot silent be,
But cries: "This is to be alone!" when thus estranged from thee.

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Oh, hated whispering of wrong, on cold suspicion's breath,
That came to friendship with the chill of fast approaching death!
Love answered: "'Tis a little thing;" but unrelenting pride,
With injured look, yet haughty mien, put each fond plea aside.
Since then we walk apart as those who know each other not,
As if the record of the past were buried and forgot;
At memory of the olden trust, at mention of thy name,
I bow me to the very dust for sorrow and for shame.

And trembling fingers on this page, in burning words would write,
And give a message to the world, that it may meet thy sight;
To kindle in thy breast once more the embers smouldering low,
And wake anew the dying flame, to purer, brighter glow.
Forgive, that faith, when sorely tried, too soon to doubt gave way;
Forgive the pride that would not brook the error of a day;

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Forgive the thought, tho' vague—half-guessed: to pardon shall be thine;
The blame alone with me must rest: atonement shall be mine.

The hue of health is on the cheek so pale a year ago,
And in their wonted course to-day life's quickened currents flow:
I need thee, not my griefs and pains,—those vanished ills,—to bear;
I need thee now, the happiness of joy and hope to share.
The tint would deepen on my cheek, if thou that cheek wouldst kiss;
And lighter, gladder, beat my heart, to hear the voice I miss;
And clearer would the sunlight stream from yonder azure sky,
And earth to me would fairer seem, sweet friend, if thou wert nigh.

Perchance it cannot be with us as in the bygone days;
Our paths must henceforth lie apart; we tread in different ways.

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We may no more together sit within the house of prayer,
Nor spend another holy day with those who worship there.
Yet, if thou wilt, we may be friends, though time and space divide;
For hearts can love, and hands can clasp, across the ocean wide;
And shall affection speak in vain, that strongly pleads with thee,
While waves between us darker roll, and deeper than the sea?

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A LOST LOVE.

If the lips would oftener tell
The feelings of the heart,
Not so many would bid a cold farewell,
Who in silent solitude lonely dwell,
And love, and walk apart.

An echo, soft and low,
That no one else can hear,
A tender tone that so well I know,
Comes wafted down from the "long ago,"
With its memories strangely dear.

Like a picture dimmed by years,
Seen faintly and far away,
A phantom form to my sight appears,
And it seems to float on a mist of tears,
In the evening twilight gray.

A settled gloom hath spread
O'er my spirit a heavy pall,—

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The shadow dark of a joy that fled;
For the light on life's early pathway shed,
Hath vanished beyond recall.

'Twere better to smile and sing,
Than weep over fair hopes crossed;
And better to trust that the future may bring
To the empty heart some more precious thing
Than the love forever lost.

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FORGIVEN.

Like a burst of melody from Heaven,
  Sweeter than the earth-born sounds we hear,
So the music of that word,—"Forgiven!"
  Softly fell upon my raptured ear.

Vanished then the burden of life's sadness,
  All unswept away by floods of tears;
While the golden sunlight of Love's gladness,
  With a halo crowned the coming years.

As we feel the near approach of summer,
  Ere spring's tender bloom hath passed away,
Something heralded the welcome comer
  Whom my heart went forth to meet that day.

Seemed I then like one enchanted, dreaming,
  When I heard the old-time step draw nigh,
Saw again the old-time love-light beaming
  In the softened lustre of that eye.

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Then the dreary loneliness was over,
Which in girlhood's morn my path had crossed;
Time had thus restored the friend and lover
Whom so hopelessly I mourned as lost.

Time at last had buried low, forever,
All that separated us so long,
And the future should be darkened never
By the shadow of unpardoned wrong.

Oh, if memory e'er repeat the story
Of the years gloom shrouded in the past,
'Twill the radiance of a richer glory
On the fair, unclouded present cast!

Like a strain of melody from Heaven
Whose undying echoes ne'er depart,
I shall hear again the word,—"Forgiven!"
Spoken to my chastened life and heart.

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SUNSET.

UPWARD still I journey slowly,
As the shadows lengthen fast,
To a land of sunlight holy,
Where no evening shades are cast;
Noontide glory
There forevermore will last.

See the sun in splendor shining
On the hilltops of the West!
Grandly thus the day declining,
Brings the time of slumber blest;
While earth's weary
Long to find its peaceful rest.

Life's high, western hills are shading
Solemnly the path I go;
Sunset beauty too is fading,
Fading now the golden glow;
Evening twilight
Soon will cover all below.

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Yet with joy and not with sorrow
Do I hail the eventide,—
Herald of a bright to-morrow
On the fair eternal side;
Through the darkness,
Fearlessly my soul shall glide.

Some I love are over yonder,
Basking in a fadeless ray,
And with them I fain would wander
Through the realms of endless day;
Since they left me
Mine has been a lonely way.

Night comes on; but, not regretting
That the day of life is done,
Calmly I behold the setting
Of the distant, sinking sun;
Glad in spirit
That the race is nearly run.

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A SUMMER REVERIE.

THE gentle summer breezes bear
  On their soft wings a rich perfume,
Fresh from the fragrant gardens where
  The sweetest roses bud and bloom.

All Nature wears a smiling face,
  As, robed anew in gorgeous dress,
With queenly air and modest grace,
  She blushes in her loveliness.

The birds in yonder forest now
  In gladsome chorus blithely sing;
And from the waving, leafy bough
  Ascends their simple offering.

Fair childhood, full of playful glee,
  The meadow roams, and woodland wild;
With merry heart, and step as free,
  As well become a happy child.

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And e'en old age—grown young again—
By brook and orchard strays once more,
And feels as youthful now as when
He trod their paths in days of yore.

And thus for all the summer hours
Are yielding pleasure far and near;
And song of birds and breath of flowers
With gladness crown the passing year.

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FARE THEE WELL.

TO K. C. H.

FARE THEE WELL! 'Tis sadly spoken;
More than earth-born ties are broken;
Fraught with bitterness of feeling,
  Comes the thought that we must part.
More than friendship's fetters hold us;
Spirit-links of love enfold us;
Soul to soul can cling more closely
  Than the fondest heart to heart.

'Tis the same blest hope that cheers us,
'Tis one common faith endears us,
As we on the heavenward journey
  Meet and mingle day by day;
While a sense of isolation
Ever follows separation,
And we long for sweet communion
  With the loved ones, by the way.

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Faith will live—can never perish;
And the blissful hope we cherish,
Sheds a gleam of golden sunlight
Through the gathering mist of tears.
Israel's Shepherd still shall feed us
In His pastures green, and lead us
By the quiet, crystal waters
Where we walked in bygone years.

Fare thee well! but not forever:
Neither time nor space can sever
Bonds that evermore shall bind us,
Though apart our footsteps roam.
Fare thee well, until we gather
In the mansions of our Father,
Where, with Christ, our Elder Brother,
We shall ever dwell at home.

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TO MINNIE J. OWREY.

THY tuneful harp, with heavenly strain,
Enchants and holds us spell-bound still:
And thou canst please, and thou canst pain,
And ever move us at thy will.

Thou art a bird of sweeter song
Than e'er hath sung in leafy shade;
The heart-chords touched will vibrate long,
And echo music thou hast made.

But may we only hear thee sing?
We would behold the songstress too;
Oh, stay thy flight, oh, droop thy wing,
Nor always soar beyond our view!

Must we, who each sad note have heard,
Still listen to thy plaintive lays,
And never see our singing bird,
And never on its plumage gaze?

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We judge the fountain by the stream,
And seldom find the judgment wrong;
And I, in Fancy's pleasing dream,
Thy picture painted from thy song.

'Twas fondest feeling traced each line,
And stamped the image on my heart,
And tells me that 'tis only thine,
Portraying truly what thou art.

'Tis thus in mental vision we
Oft paint a spirit-form divine;
And every touch must perfect be,
And grace and beauty mark each line.

So thou art pictured in my mind,
A fair ideal, cherished there;
And even yet I hope to find
The real just as bright and fair.

And canst thou, by some sweet refrain,
Awake emotions warm and deep,
Then turn away in cold disdain,
Nor strive what thou hast won to keep?

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One debt we owe alike to all;
  But Heaven grant I never may
Affection into being call,
  And not with double love repay.

And what were life, and what were we,
  Uncrowned by Love's rich diadem?
The world would drear and cheerless be,
  Without the precious, priceless gem.

Yet, if unheeded, this appeal
  Shall be to thee a last adieu;
Charmed by thy song I still may feel
  'Twere bliss to know and love thee too.

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A LETTER.

TO DORA J. CAMPBELL.

In the silence of my chamber, where I sit and muse alone,
While the evening's dusky shadows o'er the earth are softly thrown,—
In the hour between night's darkness and the setting of the sun,
When we love to hold communion with some cherished, absent one,—
I recall a tender message which in bygone days you penned;
Often hath my heart responded to its pleasant words, my friend;
For our thoughts send back the answer when our fingers fail to write;
But the willing hand with pleasure shall perform its part to-night.

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When your letter came it found me weak and weary,
sick and sad;
But each loving, restful sentence seemed to cheer, and
make me glad;
I forgot all present suffering in remembrance of the
day
That your presence, like a sunbeam, shed its radiance
on my way.
Then my warm, confiding nature stood in doubt afar
from you,
Fearing I too soon might trust you, soon to learn you
were untrue;
And I watched the charming stranger, while I reasoned
thus: "If she
To another can be faithless, she can be as false to
me."

If 'tis gold, we know the metal, when the acid is
applied,
'Neath the nitric drop will sparkle: so I thought you
could be tried;
And the test but served to prove you all I wished or
hoped to find,—
Kind, devoted, faithful, truthful,—pure alike in heart
and mind.

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Then I took your proffered friendship, gladly then your
name enrolled
On the list of few and chosen, who cannot be bought
and sold;
Told you of life's joy and sorrow, of the sunlight and
the shade;
Knowing one would not betray me, who no other had
betrayed.

As we cross Time's troubled ocean, 'mid its wrecks of
life and heart,
Few there be who sail together, while the many drift
apart.
When the sea is calm beneath us, and the sky above is
clear,
Nor the moan of coming tempest hath been caught by
any ear;
While our frail and buoyant vessels o'er the smooth
blue surface glide,
Dream we not of separation, floating onward side by
side;
Yet the storm may overtake us, ere we gain the distant
shore,
And the surging waves divide us,—till our life-ships
meet no more.

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Strangely, sadly do I wonder, as to you I write, dear friend,
What of storm and calm await us ere for both the voyage end;
What of good and ill is hidden for us in the future years.
We can safely trust our anchor, in the storm of doubts and fears.
If the rush of wind and waters, ere the changing sea be crossed,
In a darkened day divide us, each to other seeming lost,
We may meet with greater gladness on the happy shores of Light.
But my solemn letter lengthens; darkness deepens; so, good-night!

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AN ANGEL VISITANT.

Respectfully dedicated to

MRS. M. M. W.

THERE is something sweet in the solemn thought—
If dim and dull be our eye and ear,
There are angels nigh when we know it not,
When we see no form, and no voice we hear.

And yet there is one that often comes
To our dwellings here from the land of the blest,
And we know when he enters our earthly homes,
But never a welcome we give our guest.

'Tis the Angel of Death, from the regions above
Sent down to some friend that we cherish, to bring
A message of peace from the City of Love,
A bidding to stand in the court of the King.

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'Twas a little ago that he entered your door:
He came in the calm and the still of the night,
And with soft wing outspread he was hovering o'er
The couch of a loved one when morn shed its light.

You saw not, indeed, his white wings gently wave
Above your bright boy as they fanned him to sleep,
But the signs of his presence he silently gave,
And that vigil you knew was the last you would keep.

With the fervent petition sent up to God's throne,
As you watched o'er the dear one by Death's river-side,
You asked the kind Shepherd who cares for His own,
To bear him safe over the waters so wide.

But the spirit, enraptured, was gazing afar,
And across the dark stream could that City behold
Whose portals already were standing ajar,
As the curtain of Time from his vision was rolled.

"Pray again?" No, that soul hath no need for your prayer:
Lo! the death-seal is set on the beautiful brow;
And no longer he needs the devotion and care
Of the brother whose arms are enfolding him now.

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And call not his name, for he hears you no more;
From those lips, cold and pale, never answer may come;
A Brother hath called from yon far-away shore,
And welcomed him there to a happier home.

What think you? From heavenly mansions to-day
Are fond, earnest eyes looking anxiously down,
To see if we steadfastly walk in the way,
To see if we patiently strive for the crown?

Then let us "be sober, and watch unto prayer,"
And be ready whenever our summons is given;
And may the departed, awaiting us there,
Be links of a chain that shall bind us to Heaven!

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TO THE MEMORY OF REV. McNARY FORSYTH.

To the world of immortals concealed from our sight,
Thy spirit, O loved one, hath taken its flight!
Like a captive from prison thy soul is set free,
And earth's broken fetters have fallen from thee.

Thy conflict is ended; thy labors are o'er;
Thy voice shall proclaim the glad tidings no more:
The flock thou didst keep is left shepherdless soon;
Thy life-work is finished ere yet 'tis life's noon.

The Shepherd of Israel ever knows best;
He measured the toil, and provided the rest;
And why should we marvel? His wisdom could see
It was most for His glory, and better for thee.

To the land of the stranger the message came down
That called thee away from the cross to the crown;
That bade thee inherit the faithful's reward,
And enter, so early, the joy of thy Lord.

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Perchance thou ere this hast beheld with delight
The King in His beauty—that wonderful sight!
And the land afar off, still by mortal untrod,—
The house with its mansions, the dwelling of God.

And thou art in Heaven! and we, on the way,
Are weeping because of thine absence to-day;
But the tears of affection are all that we shed,—
The tears that must fall as we mourn for the dead.

Yet with sweet satisfaction we think of the time
We shall meet our best friends in a heavenly clime;
We shall greet them with joy in their happy abode,
And together sit down in the kingdom of God.

And still, as our loved go before us, will come
A strange aching of heart, a deep longing for home;
And ever the blissful assurance is given
Of meeting, and knowing, and loving in Heaven.

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IN MEMORIAM.

THE voice of mirth will hush a while,
And sorrow's shadow chase the smile
From many a radiant, happy face;
For Death his icy finger now
Hath pressed upon a loved one's brow,
And sealed it with mysterious grace.

How softly low the words are said,
With whispered reverence, "He is dead!"
Ah, yes! it means so much to die,
When from its tenement of clay
The deathless soul is called away,
The distant spirit-world to try.

It means each tender tie to break,
And hearts all desolate to make,
Perchance till present life shall end;
Again it means Love's moans and tears;
To mourn and miss through coming years
The husband, father, and the friend.

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Adieu, dear "hermit of the hills!"
Thy honored name in memory fills
An ever-consecrated spot.
Not idly do we speak to-day,
The while in parting grief we say
That name shall never be forgot.

And what if other lips than mine
Tell better than in measured line
Of one well known and loved so long?
Thou wouldst not scorn the offering
Which later friendship yearns to bring,—
The tribute of a humble song.

Thy ready pen hath left behind
The treasures of a gifted mind,
A noble and a generous heart.
Thy life and work which show thy worth,
And strains that thou hast sung on earth,
Tell what thou wast, and what thou art.

The men who put their trust in creeds,
Whose faith leads not to holy deeds,
Nor purifies the life from sin;
Who ne'er beheld with thy clear view
The God of grace and Nature too,
May miss the crown they see thee win.

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IT IS WELL.

"It is well!" Let the words in submission be spoken:
Both mercy and judgment are seen in God's dealing;
And hearts that are wounded, and hearts that are broken
May look to Him ever for comfort and healing.

It is well, though in sadness we sit and we ponder,
With hearts that are aching, and eyes that are weeping,
For the spirit awake to its bliss over yonder,
And the clay in the churchyard so peacefully sleeping.

It is well; but these partings are so fraught with sorrow!
And stronger than death are the ties they would sever,
Could we look not beyond to the golden to-morrow
Of Love's sweet reunion forever and ever.

And what if we now, through death's dark-shadowed portals,
With sin-clouded vision are dimly beholding

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That mother, brief while in the home of immortals,
In her arms the last child of affection enfolding!

To child and to mother a short separation;
But yesterday parted, to-day reunited;
The thought gives us joy in our strange desolation,
While we miss the frail blossom that death's blast hath blighted.

It is well with the child: it is meet that our Father
Should take when He pleaseth the loved ones who love us;
When seemeth Him best should the fair flowers gather,
And place in the Paradise blooming above us.

Is it well with the mourners, so earnestly pleading,
"Oh, show to us why Thou art with us contending?"
Ah, the veil on the hearts that are sore-pierced and bleeding!
But God sees alike the beginning and ending.

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TO THE MEMORY OF REV. T. A. SPROULL.

HUSHED be the song of rejoicing and gladness:
Zion, lament for thy fallen to-day!
Send forth a requiem fraught with the sadness
Felt when the righteous are taken away.

Lost to the Church, in his manhood's rich glory,
Fresh with youth's dew, in life's earliest prime.
Silent the lips are that told the sweet story
Published to earth in the fulness of time.

Gone, when the truth is assailed and forsaken,
Error's dark paths with such eagerness trod:
Lo, when the walls and the bulwarks are shaken,
Built to defend the fair City of God!

Forward the flood of delusion is sweeping,
Spreading destruction as onward it rolls,
While earnest watchers are patiently keeping
Long, prayerful vigils o'er perishing souls.

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Heard we the cry that to Heaven ascended:
Heard we the heart-broken wail for the dead;
Who will watch over the flock that he tended—
Care for the souls that he nurtured and fed?

Head of the Church! from Thy high habitation,
Hear Thou the suppliant voice of their woe.
Deep is the prayer of the wild lamentation
Chanted when Israel's faithful lie low.

Heed the bereft in their piteous pleading;
Heal the sad breach by the Death Angel made:
Bind up the hearts that are wounded and bleeding,
Walk with Thine own through the gloom of grief's shade.

Turn Thou their mourning to joy, that the burden
Borne by a loved one, so soon is laid down:
Say to them: "After the labor, the guerdon;
After the conflict, the victor's bright crown."

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TO THE MEMORY OF OUR LIZZIE.

Oh the happy, careless children! And their voices pain me so;
Yet to me their mirth was music not so very long ago.
Now their gladness only grieves me. Somehow everything is changed.
Can we, even from the children, turn away, by grief estranged?

While the power of loving lingered—love was lost in bygone days,
And my heart so empty, homeless, wandered through life's lonely ways—
Then a fair-haired, bright-eyed infant, as it wept and as it smiled,
Won the love a childless woman seldom gives to any child.

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Over her I watched through childhood, counting one
by one the years;
Called her mine, and on her lavished love and care,
and prayers and tears;
Watched the war of good with evil, in the strange
unequal strife,—
Good, that would uproot the ill that sin hath sown in
human life.

And when younger baby faces with new light the
household blest,
Still to me the first-born ever was the dearest and the
best.
And I felt that she was missing needed kindness,
wonted care,
With her earnest nature craving more than such a
common share.

Early had we marked the rose-tint from her cheek
begin to fade;
Dreaming not the fearful progress slow and sure disease
had made:
When the summer sun was pouring on the earth his
burning ray,
On a fevered couch our darling, wan and wasted, dying
lay!

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Warm devotion, true and tender, with untiring patience then
Strove to nurse the little sufferer back to life and health again;
Still we kept the midnight vigil, noting every moaning breath,
While we saw her slowly sinking in the solemn sleep of death.

In our dark, deep sorrow sent we heavenward a pleading cry:
"Saviour! guide our dear one safely to a better home on high;
Thou of flesh and soul Creator, guard the ever-precious clay,
Keep the disembodied spirit till the Resurrection-day."

Oh, the children's voices pain me, though my name they fondly call!
On my ear their thoughtless accents with a mournful meaning fall.
Who shall miss the absent loved one,—walking from the world apart,
Like the lonely, childless woman, with an empty, homeless heart?

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PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

I SHED no tears,—no more regretful tears,—
For all the withered buds of spring's bright day,
Nor longer weep that girlhood's gladsome years
Have glided, like a passing dream, away.

I heave no sighs,—no more heart-broken sighs,—
For all the hopes and joys that faded fast,
Nor longer send to Heaven complaining cries,
When memory to the present brings the past.

The bliss of love, requited love, I know;
Its deepest disappointment early knew.
They came and went, as shadows come and go;
Mine was the sunlight, mine the shadow, too.

Wisdom can see the end; and Wisdom knew
Too much I valued things of transient worth.
To bring eternal things before my view,
She blighted first the fairest hopes of earth.

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Then showed a cross,—the cross that I must bear,—
Nor yet when weary, way-worn, lay it down;
And said it must be so, if I would wear
In after-time a never-fading crown.

I took the cross,—the cross made mine,—with dread;
To all life's fleeting pleasures bade adieu;
To bear a burden, and a path to tread,
Unborne, untrodden, only by the few.

I thought the way a lonely, cheerless way,
The cross too heavy to be always borne:
One who hath seen the dearest hopes decay
Must ever to the past look back—and mourn!

There came a change, and oh, what happy change!
I scarce know when it came, and know not how;
'Tis like some mystery both glad and strange,—
The cross seems light, the way not lonely, now.

And buds, rich buds, beginning now to ope,
And full-blown roses, on my path are strewn;
Love's roses these, and those the buds of Hope,
Fairer than all that once I called my own.

A voice, a low and tender voice, I hear,
That whispers of a future home, and rest;
It comes like music wafted to my ear,
On gentle winds from far-off countries blest.

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Sweet home! sweet rest! My home and rest are there,
And there the friends I loved so long and well;
With them the many mansions I shall share,
With them in Paradise forever dwell.

One Friend, of friends the best, I too shall see,—
At mention of His very name shall bow,—
The Friend who gives eternal life to me,
The blood-bought crown that decks the immortal brow.

And so the past is not a mourned-for past;
The present hath its streams of pleasure pure;
The perfect bliss the future holds will last
When earth and Time no longer shall endure.

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THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

As our steps are heavenward tending,
Oft some rugged steep ascending,
Ever painfully and slowly
    Journey we to regions blest;
Up from valleys dark and dreary
Climbing, footsore, faint and weary,
Till we reach a summit holy,
    Where at last we safely rest.

There, by no sad memories haunted,
Freely range we realms enchanted;
From that peace-crowned mount reviewing
    All the cares and toils of Time.
Through the world's weird, winding mazes,
Down the wondering spirit gazes
On an eager throng, pursuing
    Folly's ways in life's full prime.

Lofty, noble manhood, grasping
After painted toys, and clasping

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Fancy's pictures fair, that perish
Ere the closing of the day:
Blindly following fleeting pleasure;
Hoarding Mammon's sordid treasure;
Spurning lasting gifts, to cherish
What the wind may sweep away.

Prizing still the worthless token
Of a plighted faith now broken;
Idly mourning over letters
Penned by love in early years;
While, some better thing refusing,
With a servile spirit choosing
To be bound with fragile fetters,
And to weep unmanly tears.

Yet as strange, perchance, is woman
Turning from the weak and human,
Not because she scorns the real,
Bowing at an empty shrine;
To an idol fondly clinging,
And the purest homage bringing;
Little dreaming her ideal
Is the perfect, the divine.

When she sees a presence going
From her life, a shadow throwing

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On her pathway, that must banish
All the sunlight from her heart,
Still she loves him as she loved him
Ere unworthy she had proved him;
Hope and trust together vanish:
Love cannot so soon depart.

Hearts have each a vale of weeping,
Where, grief's lonely vigil keeping,
Oft they fear that no to-morrow
E'er will dawn upon their sight.
While they moan that midnight lingers,
Radiant Morn, with rosy fingers,
Gently lifts the cloud of sorrow,
Softly floods the vale with light.

Yet a wail goes up forever
From the restless souls, who never
Learn in life that every mortal
On a holy height may stand,
Far above earth's ceaseless sighing,
Dread of living, fear of dying;
Catching, through its shining portal,
Glimpses of the better land.

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UNHEEDED VOICES.

Voices, sad and low, are speaking to the heart and hands to-day,
Pleading that earth's cares and labors for a while be put away.
Love and friendship too are chiding,—they have been neglected long,—
Waiting for a word, a token; for a letter, or a song.

Truly honest work is holy: food and raiment must be sought;
Yet the higher, nobler nature still may claim a sober thought.
If the body, cold and hungry, of its wants should once complain,
Idle hands are sometimes better than an idle, starving brain.

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And I hear the solemn voices; feel the kind reproof
they give;
Only toiling, eating, sleeping,—what a life is this to
live!
Crowding out the finer feelings; dwarfing soul and
heart and mind;
Surely sinking to the level of the lowest of mankind.

Oh, there *is* an upward rising, mounting on aspiring
wings;
Afterward an abject creeping in the dust of meaner
things;
This for one but lately looking with an eye of keenest
scorn,
On a soul to sense in bondage, and of strength and
beauty shorn!

Duller grow the ears of hearing, dimmer yet the dark-
ened eyes;
And the world's great need—and ours—still unheeded,
sadly cries.
Is there none to pause and wonder what the end of
this may be,
What the future may be bringing to the busy world—
and me?

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LIFE'S EVENTIDE.

ONE by one the days are swiftly gliding
  Backward in their noiseless, ceaseless flight;
One by one the years are ever hiding
  In the past, from all save Memory's sight.

Often, in the twilight of the even,
  Dreamily we sit and gaze afar,
Ere for us the distant dome of Heaven
  Hath been gilded by a radiant star.

And in childlike mood we watch, and wonder
  If yon gorgeous, outstretched veil of blue
Were but lifted up, or rent asunder,
  What new glories mortal eye could view.

Yet, as tremblingly we near Time's curtain,
  None who might would draw aside the folds
Which conceal from us the dim uncertain
  That a hidden future always holds.

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Better far we love to look behind us,
And recall the things have passed away;
Thus life's evening twilight comes to find us
Wandering over youth's eventful day.

As the past before us seems outspreading,
Close at hand each vanished scene appears,
Till the early dawn is calmly shedding
Pale, sweet beams upon the clustered years.

So through cloudless realms of fairest morning
Soars the soul on Fancy's tireless wing,
Caring not to heed the timely warning
Which the solemn, deepening shadows bring.

May we, ere the dew, all chill, descending,
Tells the near approach of darkest night,
Hear the promise, as the day is ending,
Lo, "at evening-time it shall be light!"

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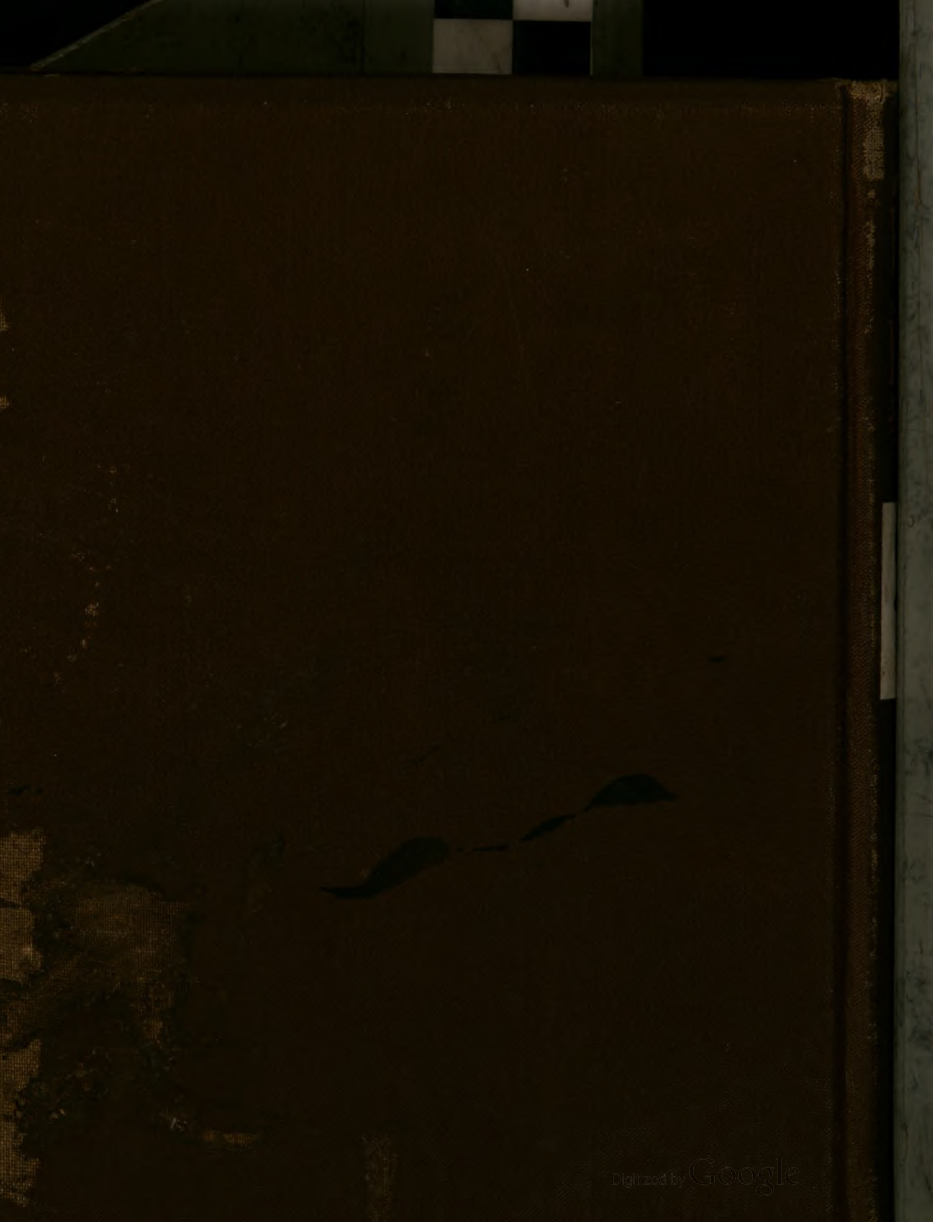
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